EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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AT THE GATE.

WHAT lies beyond the gate? Our picture does not show us; and so it is a good picture for this New Year's Sunday. The path that we see ends at the gate, but on the other side must be another path, leading to scenes that we cannot now behold. Does it lead to gardens bright with flowers, or to gloomy forests? Will the birds sing to us within the gate, or shall we miss their cheery notes when we journey farther on? On this side the gate stern Winter holds his reign. Will winter change to spring when we pass beyond? We cannot tell. Enough for us to know, as we stand on the threshold of the year, that the Hand which has guided us will guide us still; and the Power that has blessed us will lead us on through the joys and the sorrows that are decreed to us.

THE NEW LEAF.

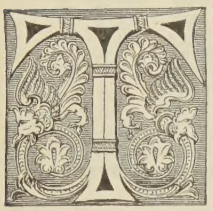
NEW YEAR'S SUNDAY should be a day of trust and hope. But it should be more than this. We can trust God and put our hope in him; but can we trust ourselves? Are we hopeful, as we turn the new leaf, that we shall do nobler things and be better souls in the coming year? Some one has said: "For the miseries we cannot escape, the Divine love affords infinite consolation; but for the miseries which we make for ourselves, there is little comfort to be found in God."

Alas! that leaf of the old year fluttering down before us, how it is blotted with the tears that our own follies caused, and stained by the records of deeds that we ought never to have done! How sad were the hearts that loved us, when we spoke the words that pierced like daggers, and did the cruel or the shameful deed!

Thou fair NEW LEAF of the book of my life, thou pure white page that waits for the story of the coming year, let me turn thee slowly and thoughtfully! let me stop and breathe an earnest prayer for strength to make the record of my words and actions fit for thee to bear! And whenever I am tempted to do anything that shall stain thy beautiful whiteness, may God's angels of truth and purity and love fly to my aid, that thou mayest still be a fair, clean page, telling only of good works attempted and good works done!

WHICH LOG?

BY REV. E. A. RAND.



HERE were four of them, — tall, shapely young fellows, camping out in the Adirondacks. We will stand them up in a row and name them, — Alfred, Fritz, Maurice, and John. They faced a brook across which stretched two logs.

"Fellows," said Alfred, "our guides and Henry Armstrong, who is with us, are going up to our camp by way of the river. Now, if you will follow me, I will take you by a short cut through the woods to our camp. We shall come out where Henry and the guides are going, and can have a pleasant tramp through the woods, taking that log to the — "

He hesitated. Which log ought they to take, that to the left, or that to the right? Each log led to a path whose beginning could be detected beyond the clear, rattling brook. One path, though, led to the right place, and the other led — somewhere else.

"Which is it, Alfred?" asked Maurice. "The log to the left, or the log to the right? You know many a young fellow has been put before two paths, and taken the wrong one. This is a serious matter, old boy. Come, log to the left, or log to the right?"

"Log to the left," said Alfred in his positive way. "Forward — march!"

Over the left log filed the forest-trampers, and found beyond the brook a well-beaten path. The sun was still high, though it had long ere this burned its way across the meridian; and its light, sifted through the green foliage as through the meshes of a sieve, fell on the tall trunks, on the undergrowth, and on the path, in shifting stars of gold.

"Give us a song, boys!" cried Fritz.

"That means sing yourself, Fritz. Start up something, and we will come in on the chorus," said John.

With his strong, resonant voice Fritz started what he called "The Camper's Rock-me-to-sleep." The others knew it also, and its quick, easy movement, its avoidance of very high and very low notes, made it a good marching tune. It was anything but a go-to-sleep melody. Four o'clock came, five, six —

"Boys, I — I — don't like to say it, but I don't think we are in the path," exclaimed Alfred, suddenly.

"That's what I have been suspecting for the last five minutes, at any rate," said John.

"I am afraid we have been following a deer-path, and where it has gone to is more than I know — whew!" Here Alfred wiped the perspiration from his face. The young trampers now eyed one another in that serious way that betokens a genuine embarassment.

"Let's go back and find that path. If we strike it, we can be as cunning as the deer and follow it to the brook, and start again and take that other log," suggested Maurice.

"I am down on deer from this time and forever," declared Fritz. "They have led me astray; and I'll have my revenge — the next time I have a chance at some venison-steak."

"Hold on, hold on!" said Alfred.

"But let's go back and find that path," shouted Maurice. "We may find a deer, and woe be to one of the race if he mislead us!" Here he fiercely brandished a hatchet.

"In these woods deer-paths are not an uncommon thing, and we may strike the wrong one," replied Alfred. "I wish we had a deer for supper. I'm hungry as a man on a raft at sea, minus his dinner for a week. As it is, I don't believe we have got anything for supper except the leather of our haversacks and — "

Each boy began to feel of his provision bag. Fritz at last fished out the only hope of the party, a bag of last year's peas. He held up the bag and laughed.

"Ah, young man, you may not laugh so easily twenty-four hours from this time, Fritz; I warn you."

"Well, tell us, Alfred, what we had better do. Six o'clock, and we don't know where we are, and these woods are growing fearfully lonesome. Shall we go back, go forward, or do what?"

"Do nothing. We will hold on just where we are and make a camp. Stop, though! There is one thing we can do in the woods. We can holler like everything."

"What's the good of that?"

"Why, we may possibly be nearer the river than we think for. The guides may hear us, and come after us. Let's screech the worst kind possible."

There were all kinds of utterances made.

"Now let's give the pure cat-howl," called out Fritz.

The skilled furred walkers, in the dead of night, along fence-rails and over shed-roofs and across the steep ridge-poles of stables, never executed more unearthly noises. After this came the "horse-neigh," the "sheep-bleat," the "donkey-bray," till an ordinary menagerie had been entirely out-done in these performances.

"It will be pleasant to have a change, and use another set of muscles than those of the throat," suggested Alfred. "I have the only hatchet in the crowd. If one of you will help me make our camp, the other two can get — supper."

"That means a quiet separation of our forces that we may have *peace*," said Fritz, holding up a handful of their only article for supper.

"Penalty for that miserable pun ought to be to get supper alone," declared John. "However, I will help Fritz, as he must be exhausted after this last effort, and Maurice can go with Alfred."

A rough camp was quickly built. It consisted of a ridge-pole running about six feet above the ground, from tree-trunk to tree-trunk; and against this, on one side, were leaned branches of shaggy spruce. The camp was left open on the southern side, where it faced a jolly red fire as ever was built in the woods. The ground in the camp was thickly bedded with soft, green spruce-tips.

"Supper is ready!" shouted John, who had been cooking the peas in a large tin dipper. "But mind ye, no salt! Don't be expecting luxuries when you take the wrong log and get lost in the woods," he was going to add, but he had a wise second thought, "Guess I won't bring up any unpleasant facts. We took the wrong log — and now we must make the best of it."

"I found some blueberries, boys, off here, though it was as much as ever that I could see them. What I left behind will keep until to-morrow, though," said Fritz.

Boiled peas! Their only defence from starvation — save the berries; and were these ever so precious?

Night in the forest is always impressive, but this night it was oppressive. What if the woods be dark, only lighted up by the eyes of some prowling, impish animal, and still — save as a night-bird utters his shrill, solemn cry? There is generally a path from all camps, leading directly to a great world of light and blithe sounds. Blot out the path and shut up the camp inside of this sphere of gloom and silence, as in this instance, and the effect is different.

"Boys," said Alfred, the next morning, "we must be stirring to-day."

"I hope we shall stir out of this place," replied Fritz, "and never return to it."

"It won't do to quit it altogether, Fritz. We must not go farther off from civilization than this point, for we might be worse off. We will hold on to this. I propose that we imitate Napoleon."

"What did he do, Alfred?" inquired John.

"He and his officers were trying to ford shallow waters in the Red Sea, I think it was, and the night came upon them, and where the shore was they did n't know. So they made a circle, and then rode out from that common centre. The first one that found the water growing more shallow signified it to the others, and they all riding in that direction together made their retreat to the shore."

"That means, Alfred," said Maurice, "we must all move out from the camp and see what we find — "

"Blazing as we go."

"And if we find nothing?"

"Come back. We may though — some one of us — reach an elevation from which we can look off; or we may strike a path; or — "

"Well, let the third 'or' go, and we will try it."

They tried it, four parties moving off, one taking the only hatchet in camp, and the rest hacking the trunks with their jack-knives. They went out, and came back — to boiled peas and berries!

"Well, boys, we 'll build a jolly fire," said Maurice, "tell stories, and make the best of it."

They did so, but somehow it would have been more enjoyable if that camp-fire had been the kitchen-fire at home, two or three hundred miles away!

Another day came — and went. Boiled peas as the solitary article of substantial diet had become monotonous, and even in quantity they failed to hold their own. The dessert of berries, that blessed friend of hunter, Indian, camper, remained as popular as ever.

Toward evening, the party gathered on a little knoll back of the camp. It has been remarked how the forest stillness seems to deepen as the night comes on. What sounds there are, the scream of a bird or falling of a limb, break harshly into this prevailing silence. The sounds and the stillness by very contrast intensify one another, even as do a black sky and the sharp lightning cutting into it.

In the midst of this solemn silence Fritz, the clear-voiced singer, gave a piercing cry. How it echoed through the mountain-valley!

"I have a thought," said Alfred. "Let's all shout together, loud as we can. The woods seem to be so still to-night and the echo is so good, somebody may hear us."

"We might as well shout while we have strength," said Maurice, mournfully.

"Yes, and for some time yet," added Fritz. "Ready, boys! Now!"

What a shout! How it roused and set in motion the sleepy echoes! They shouted again and again.

In an Adirondack camp, that evening, an old guide said, "Hark! What is that?"

His fellow-guide and Henry Armstrong listened.

"There it is!" said Henry.

It was a distant cry, and yet distinct.

"That 's no cry of a crittur," said the older guide.

"It 's our lost party, I believe," said Henry Armstrong, springing up excitedly. "Just let me get the direction of the sound."

"To-morrow we will tramp that way," said the younger guide.

On the morrow they started to hunt up the source of the cry. They struck the paths that had been blazed by the lost campers when trying to reach civilization. It was Fritz who was out among the berry bushes, "foraging," as he said, for a very scanty dinner. Looking up, he shouted, —

"Why, Henry! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

What a happy meeting!

The years went by. Fritz, one day, was thinking over his Adirondack experience, when on the sidewalk, before a drinking-saloon, he saw Maurice.

"That you, Fritz? I was thinking I would like to go in here, and all I want is a companion."

"Thank you, but I could n't. I was thinking, just now, of our Adirondack trip, when we were lost; and it was because we did n't take the right log. I did n't think I should meet an old fellow-camper so soon, and I am right glad to see you."

Maurice started. He saw in thought a brook. He saw the two logs and the wild forest beyond. "Which log?" was a question ringing in his ears.

"Fritz," he said, "guess — guess — I 'll go with you."

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 8.

THE CORAL CROSS.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

HANNAH was "bound out," as they used to say in olden time, to Mrs. Love, the minister's wife. Her father, mother, and little Tom were dead; and the good minister, having found her in the "Children's Mission," took her to his own home, where she shared the cares and comforts of the house, and was fast gaining a share of the love the parents would have given their own daughter had she lived to grow up.

One June day, the second year of Hannah's stay at the parsonage, the minister brought in a letter which made his wife look as happy and rosy as a girl.

"Our Helen is coming," she cried. "Well, Hannah, you and I must be up bright and early to-morrow morning to make the west bedroom fresh and pretty enough for our pretty Helen."

While they hung pictures, knotted back the snowy curtains, tucking a pretty ornament here and a vase of flowers there, Mrs. Love told who "pretty Helen" was.

"My brother, you know, was captain of a ship which made voyages to far-off lands. His wife always accompanied him. Little Helen was born and has lived on the ocean a good part of her life, — till her father's death two years ago. She 's a girl who loves everybody better than herself, and will brighten up this old house for us all."

"It is brighter already," laughed Hannah, flying away for fresh towels.

Helen came that evening, and her aunt's words were verified. She read to Uncle, stitched long seams for Auntie, and washed dishes with Hannah, filling the resting hours with tales of beautiful lands she had seen, making sunshine even on cloudy days.

"She *is* pretty," thought Hannah, studying the sweet figure in soft gray cashmere and creamy lace. "How can she help being so with such lovely things? Why must she have everything, and I nothing?" sighed she, her eye resting upon an exquisite cross of pink coral, which Helen wore hanging from a black velvet ribbon about her neck.

This ornament had attracted Hannah's attention the first morning Helen appeared at breakfast, it looked so lovely with the dainty white gown. She had feasted her eyes upon it daily, till it was the one thing in the world to her. Indeed, her mind dwelt on it so continually that once she dreamed she saw a cross even more exquisite hanging on the sweet-briar bush which nodded at her every morning when she opened her window.

The pleasant visit sped by, till only one day remained. Most of that day the family spent in the woods, laughing, singing, scampering through the bright leaves, till it was hard to say which was most of a child, — the minister or the girls. A few minutes after their return Helen flew to the kitchen, pale and tearful. "My cross, Auntie! where can it be?"

Much as Hannah had envied Helen that treasure she could but pity her now, and joined in the search, upstairs, down cellar, in every possible and impossible place, but with no avail.

"You know it was dear papa's gift," sobbed Helen, in her womanly way trying to excuse her tears. "He brought it when he came from India. It was given him by a foreign lady on board, because he had been so kind to her little daughter who died on the voyage and was buried at sea."

The cross could not be found; but with her uncle's cheerful prophecy, "It will come back sometime, dear," she left them, the old smile shining again on her face.

One day, shortly after, Hannah went to sweep the broad verandah, the summer sitting-room of the family. Brushing away the fallen leaves from the steps leading to the mignonette bed, she stooped to pick out a bright one here and there. Searching among them, her fingers touched a bit of black ribbon. Drawing it nearer, she saw, to her amazement, the pink cross, wet and soiled, but unbroken and still attached to its guard. Her heart gave a bound, and she cried out, "Helen, — how glad she will be!" Then the spirit of evil in her heart, which had so long coveted the beautiful thing, whispered, "No, no! it is yours. She is far away. They all think it was lost in the chestnut woods."

"Thou shalt not covet," a voice seemed to say in answer to the wicked suggestion; but the covetous disposition had grown too strong to be thus easily overcome, and Hannah hurriedly concealed the cross in the bosom of her dress, and ran at the call of the breakfast-bell. All the day, when she saw dear Mrs. Love turning over this thing and that, evidently still searching for the missing treasure, her conscience gave a painful twinge; but her wicked passion for the ornament killed for the time all sense of honor or pity.

Winter came on. There was to be a birthday party at the house of a schoolmate. Mrs. Love, glad that Hannah should be one of the happy company, dressed her with her own hands, and as a finishing touch tucked into the bosom of her blue dress a blush rose-bud. "I coaxed it to come out on purpose for you," she whispered. Why did not Hannah's heart break then and there? How could she keep from the dear "mother" the fact that the cross lay hidden in her bureau, ready to be worn for the first time that night? But she only slipped away to her room, with shaking fingers tied the ribbon, threw over it her cloak, and with a hasty good-by, sped down the walk to her companions.

The longed-for cross lay at last about her neck. It was very, very beautiful; her young friends praised it. But the party was not a happy one to Hannah. Though the rooms were filled with light, it seemed dark about her. She walked and talked as in a dream. Reaching her little room again, the cross was torn from her neck, and its weary wearer laid her head quickly on her pillow, pressing her hands tightly over her eyes, as if possible to shut out the now hated thing, which seemed to cast a sickening pink light over everything about her. Her evening prayer was forgotten; indeed, she did not dare to think of God at all.

Morning found her still in trouble. Kind Mrs. Love relieved her from the household duties, remembering the unusual excitement of the party. But such motherly kindness and the pain of her own sin were more than she could bear. When night came on, without beginning or preparation, it all burst out: —

"Oh, Mrs. Love, I found it — that morning — close to the gate!"

"What is it, child?" cried Mrs. Love, startled at this sudden distress.

"The pink cross — Helen's — I loved it so! Oh, can you send it away to her?"

The story was all told and taken in. There was great pain in that little household; but it was a house of mercy, and the penitent child was forgiven. The cross found its way to its owner, the sorrowful letter which accompanied it telling how it had been recovered.

Years after, when Hannah was a mother, with a little Helen by her side, a package came to her one day, with a note announcing her faithful friend's death far away in a Southern city. Among other mementos was the coral cross, precious now indeed for all the sorrow it had cost. "For your little Helen when she is old enough to wear it for the giver's sake."

So when Hannah's daughter was old enough to understand, the story was told to her with many tears. And the lesson of the coral cross emphasized for the child the Master's wise teaching, — "*Keep yourselves from all covetousness.*"

MY PRAYER.

BY MARY P. COLVIN.

I ASK, dear Father, wisdom pure
That cometh from above;
A purpose single, steady, true, —
I ask Thee for Thy love:

The love that for my brother cares,
That comforts those distressed;
That takes away all selfishness,
And helps me do my best.

Give me Thy power to conquer sin;
Give strength that I may be
Helpful to all Thy children here,
And faithful unto Thee.

Our Letter-Box.

In the last number of Every Other Sunday we printed a poem written by a little girl. To-day we print a story written by another little girl. Now the boys must see what they can do.

A KITTEN STORY.

I suppose you all like kittens. Well, I had a little kitten once. His name was Nixe. I am going to tell you all his performances. Once he jumped into the tub when the wash-woman was washing the clothes. My father found him in his hat one day, and the hat was in my little brother's chair. He would play with everything, and he used to tear my dolls' clothes. But when he went to sleep he would put his paws around my dolls. One day, when I came home from school, my mother told me that he was lost. I felt real bad. I did not feel like laughing.

Gracie Wyeth, 8 years old.

The letter below pleases us, because its writer knows something of history. Perhaps Herbert can tell us of some other places about Boston that have historical interest.

Dear Mr. Editor— . . . In the winter I live in Boston and go to Chauncey Hall School, which faces the Art Museum, Trinity Church, and the New Old South Church. The tower of the church is as tall as Bunker Hill Monument. Last winter there was an artificial hill made down on the Common, where the boys used to have jolly times sliding, — the same Common where the Boston boys had their pond broken up by the British. When I live in the country, I have a little kitten I call St. James. . . . I also have a velocipede and cart.

Herbert L. S.

We have received a letter from Marion and Mary, who live in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They write: "We take the Every Other Sunday, and we would like it better if there were jokes in it.' We suppose they miss the column devoted to *Pleasantries*, which they used to read in the "Dayspring." We are glad to have the children write us just what they feel, and regret that Marion and Mary are not fully satisfied with Every Other Sunday. We try to give our readers *pleasant* things, — stories and pictures and puzzles, — but we feel that for a Sunday-school paper "jokes" are not necessary. Perhaps our young friends will agree with us when they think more about it.

THREE-WORD BIBLE ENIGMA.

My first is composed of letters eight,
Of which take 1, 6, 5, 3, 2,
And find a woman who was wife
And sister both. So fair to view
She was, her lord feared death if but
The king did gaze; the wife denied,
The sister claimed, and lost them both.
A prince of Edom, well allied,
You 'll find in 8, 3, 4, 6, 4,
And hatred's feelings worded see
In letters 5, 6, 7, 3.

Seven letters make my second.
Of them take 3, 4, 2, and 1
And you have found a patriarch's son;
Then 5, 6, 7, 3, 5, and 7
Will show a maid whose hand was given
To him who conquered Debir-town,
Winning a wife and eke renown.

My third and last has letters eight.
You 'll find 5, 1, 4, 1, and 2
A son of Aaron, whose sad fate
Had fallen not obedience true;
8, 2, 3, 4 but twice removed
From him whom Saul most dearly loved;
And 7, 6, with 2, and 1
Captured in war by Jonathan.

Three words are here of men the names,
Whose every act in life proclaims
The faithful heart to conscience true,
Which finds new strength for trials new,
Choosing to walk the fiery ways
Rather than sin for earthly praise.

ENIGMA IV.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 13, 41, 9, 4, 26, 51, 42 is what Jesus said to a bereaved mother.

My 27, 32, 11, 26, 2, 18, 37, 33, 50 was a just man, and one who feared God.

My 19, 33, 1, 28 was a beloved physician.

My 48, 26, 20, 25, 31, 15, 16, 3, 36, 45, 24, 38, 40, 44, 49 is where Jesus saw Nathanael.

My 55, 14, 46, 43 once proved a purse for Christ's disciples.

My 4, 9, 5, 3, 11 was the first disciple to perform a miracle.

My 22, 44, 4, 56, 31, 47 came to Jesus to be healed.

My 29, 41, 10, 46, 5 is what Levi made for Jesus.

My 27, 56, 26, 12, 48, 11, 21, 30, 26 is the title of one whose servant Jesus healed.

My 6, 49, 40, 35, 20 of whom God warned Joseph and Mary in a dream.

My 23, 47, 54, 34, 37 the question Judas asked Christ at the last Supper.

My 27, 8, 17, 11, 14, 5, 7 Paul calls the greatest of all virtues.

My 52, 39, 37, 42, 6 is dead without works.

My 53, 14, 29, 2 Christ came to give.

My whole is a precept found in the Book of Proverbs.

Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

Enigma III. Glad Tidings.

New Testament Enigma, No. 3. "Be ye therefore perfect."

Hidden Cities and Towns of Palestine.

1. Jerusalem.
2. Samaria.
3. Bethlehem.
4. Philadelphia.
5. Bethel.
6. Jericho.
7. Cana.
8. Nain.

For Youngest Readers.

A CLEVER POLL-PARROT.

BY SUSAN W. HILDRETH.

Billie's "Mamma" — that 's what he calls her — invited me to come and hear how well he could talk.

When I knocked at the door, Billie said, "Come in!" and then laughed in such a loud way I knew it must be the parrot. As soon as I had come in, he flew to his cage and hid himself, but would say over and over again, "Want to come out for a little while, Billie? want to come out a little while?" and then, "Want to go and take a *nice* drive with Mamma? Why-why-why!"

At last his mistress coaxed him with an almond to come out and sing for me; after which he crawled up his master's arm whom he had heard called "Papa" until he had learned to think that was his name, and cried out in a very lively voice, "Papa's gone away, and left Mamma *all* alone! Want to go out and take a *nice* ride?" You see he had picked up the words which his mistress had said to him without any thought of his learning them.

When she dusted the parlor in the morning Billie would fly around the room, and clutching hold of her dress would cling on and have a ride. So when she could not see him she would say, "Where's Billie? Oh, *here* he is on Mamma's dress!" This he had learned to say, and it was his most frequent remark.

For my benefit they asked the parrot to spell his name: this the lady had taken great pains to teach him to do. Billie, however, would do nothing but giggle in a very noisy and silly way; but at last, after the promise of an almond, he began to spell, "B-i-l-," but suddenly stopped short. After many persuasions he began again, "B-i-l-i-e." "No, Billie," said his mistress, "that's not right." So, urged on by the sight of the almond be began again, "B-i-l-*l*-i-e — Billie Hitchcock; now give me an almond."

If I knocked on the table he would say, as quick as a flash, "Come in! come in! Why how *do* you do?" and then he would make a loud smack,— like a kiss.

His mistress would say, "Does Billie feel sick?" and he would seem to understand the question; for he always replied, "Billie feels *real* sick; send for Doctor McNulty, send for Doctor McNulty."

One night Billie felt very naughty, and insisted on talking after the lights had been put out and the family were trying to get to sleep. His master got out of bed and rapped on the cage, and Billie subsided with a faint "Good-night, love!"

They told me that Billie could sing the whole of "The Campbells are comin'." But he could not be persuaded to sing more than half the tune for me. He would sing a few notes, then break into a giggle and say, "Why, why-why Billie — *what* a mess! Mamma's going away to breakfast — leave Billie all alone. Come in! why how *do* you do? Come again, *do*. Come again another day. Now give me an almond!"

I myself heard this parrot say every word that I have told you, and much more. His mistress is sure that he understands almost everything she says to him; but if he does, he is a most disobliging parrot, for he only says what he chooses, no matter how much his kind mistress wants him to be good and say the things she has taught him.

But then he is only a bird, and does not know any better.

ON THE ICE-COAST.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A NEW LION IN CONCORD.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

THOUSANDS of young people who have read so often in the magazines and books of the literary lions of Concord, will hail with interest the discovery in that beautiful town of a rare lion of another kind, which has already attracted so much notice that scientific gentlemen from Cambridge and Boston have journeyed to its haunts, and taken great pains to procure an interview with him, in order to pry into his secret methods of earning a living. On the eastern shore of White Pond, a beautiful sheet of water which is hidden in the pine-woods three miles from the centre of the village and two from the site of Thoreau's hut at Walden, this would-be hermit sought a secure retreat.

But on a beautiful July afternoon his privacy was invaded by the eager footsteps of the twin brothers from whose searching eyes and quick intelligence few of Nature's secret things escape. The boys in their rambles along the sandy shore discovered a number of small round holes about two inches in depth. Calling to the artist who accompanied them they told him that they believed they had discovered the traps of the famous ant-lion, which is very rare in Massachusetts although common in the Southern States. A noted writer on ornithology, who devotes his whole time to the study of natural history, was summoned to explain to these astonished boys the curious methods by which this lion secures his prey, and deserves his name. After digging the pit, which he does very rapidly, using his strong head as a shovel, the ant-lion buries himself in the sand at the bottom of the pit, so that only the tips of his jaws are above the surface, and calmly waits until some unfortunate ant, straying from his home in the neighborhood, falls into the pit. The poor victim is saluted with a shower of sand before he can recover from the effects of his fall. These showers are repeated at rapid intervals, the sand being thrown with great force by the head of the lion, until the ant falls exhausted into the jaws of his unseen foe, when he very quickly disappears forever.

This curious operation can be seen as often as an ant is dropped into the hole, if the spectators do not wish to wait until one happens to fall in, which is a very frequent occurrence. The lion is small and flat, resembling somewhat in shape the fragrant squash-bug. He is also as fierce and strong as his name implies, for when two of them are placed, by accident or design, in the same pit a violent duel ensues, and the combatants, not unlike human ones, throw dirt at each other with great fury, until the weaker falls a prey to his stronger brother.

The pit of the ant-lion, when completed, resembles in shape the interior of a small tea-cup, the upper edges of which are so delicately constructed as to crumble beneath the weight of an ant or other small insect. By this curious device the ant-lion, when in a very sluggish state, is enabled to destroy some of the most active insects, as very few escape after having once fallen into the trap.

While carrying on this method of hunting, the ant-lion is in the larva state, his soft and pulpy body being furnished with six legs, only the hindermost pair being used for locomotion; and he can move nearly as well after these have been cut off. When the proper period has arrived he spins a cocoon, from the side of which he emerges and unfolds a pair of gauzy wings from his body, which suddenly lengthens so as to prove his relationship to the dragonfly.

A DAY IN MADRAS.

FOR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

(From the unpublished Journal of the late Rev. C. T. Brooks.)

THE furious noise of the crows and crickets and of the drum-beat from the fort (that drum-beat which every morning, as Webster said, encircles the globe with an unbroken chain of the martial airs of England) awoke me before the moon and the morning stars would let dawn be visible.

I bathed in the little back-room of my Bungalow, by pouring one or more of the earthen jars of water over my head, the water running off from the inclined brick floor through a sort of rat-hole in the wall; shaved in the dark; took my chair on the verandah as soon as it was light enough, and scribbled. At seven, before the sun was yet too fierce, I took my "boy" and set out on a little exploring expedition.

We wound down through clayey paths, across gullies, under the tangled thicket of prickly pears, all in rich and many-colored bloom, cocoa-nut palms, and a great variety of trees and vines and bushes, across paddy fields and among huge-leaved plantains. In every direction lanes ran out under high arbors of branches into the main road. Native huts peeped through the romantic dusk of green, and everywhere the natives were gliding about. We passed several small Banyans with their numerous groups of fibres hanging towards the ground, and saw the process of extracting the juice from the toddy tree. My attention was attracted by a singular rattling, and I saw what proved to be a native walking rapidly up and down the trees by leaning back against a rope which went loosely round the stem. Above, the juice ran out through a pipe let into the tree.

Soon after we returned my tailor made his appearance, — a short, fat, sleek, easy, merry Mustapha. He left his peaked red slippers at the door, and brought in a bundle of clothes and a pocket full of *musters*, as they call patterns.

After breakfast I rode into town with my courteous host, Mr. McKenzie. We overtook groups of students. How cool they looked in their airy white robings enveloping their delicate forms! How pleasant a contrast were their calm, bright faces to the great throng of the road, whom our little Sice behind the carriage was continually warning with his screaming "Hey!" to clear the way. Once two of these scholars were passed, cosily seated in a sort of chair drawn by a cream-colored, hump-backed bullock. The most striking scene I recall, was a group of huts on a slightly descending ground, which with their picturesque roofing and grouping, the vines so beautifully climbing over the steep thatched roofs that just rose above the road, the little dark winding lanes that ran among them, shaded with the great fan-leaves of the towering cocoa-nut palm, with the inhabitants of the little hamlet gliding about everywhere in their gay dresses or undresses, the work and the play going on around the house-doors, — all formed a fascinating series of pictures.

We passed the little white temple in the road near the thicket, the bridges arching here and there over the Pulecat River or some of its tributaries, the busy *Dhobies* banging the clothes on the dark stones or spreading them on the little islands in the stream, the rows of begging cripples by the wayside, reminding me of one of my first impressions of far India — the group in the East India Museum at Salem. At the beach we saw the "Oriental" steamer just arrived from Calcutta. Crowds of natives were embarking as coolies for the Mauritius. There was a "black devil playing at single stick." How he had to make his clapboard fly from right to left as he rode over (or rather through) one breaker after another, the sea sweeping his catamaran fore and aft! Other natives were pushing a Massoolah boat off into the surf to go out to a vessel, butting against it, hoisting it with their bent backs, and when after a good deal of swinging about, and rearing and kicking and plunging, like the antics of a horse who does not wish to be mounted, she rides the yeasty water, in the *dandies* (Hindu name for boatmen) all jump and paddle off. Yonder a group of urchins, not having the fear of sharks before their eyes, are diving about among the waves, playing at fisticuffs with the surf, and cutting all sorts of capers. It would be an endless task to attempt to describe the variety of vehicles, costumes, countenances, figures, the strange, picturesque, Oriental life that passed over the street and beach, thronging this great Wapping Broadway of Madras.

There go in succession two rude carts, each loaded with about a bushel of hay, and drawn by two hump-backed, long-horned bullocks, the driver in one case walking between them and his team, in the other riding on the pole. There are two miserable women hastily scooping up for culinary purposes the waste matter that has fallen in the road. Here again goes a woman with a basket of old duds on her head: a roguish crow flies down and lifts a cloth at one corner and darts off. The woman looks round, takes down the basket, makes a new cover for it with her turban, and dexterously folds part of her robes up around her head and moves on. Behind her a minute specimen of naked humanity lugs about his baby brother, whose head drops languidly this way and that. Yonder comes a Sepoy sergeant with his great brimmed blue skull-cap, shaped like a fireman's, and his blue belts across his white robes, strutting along very grandly. Next, a couple of foreign sailors swagger along, and following these are *duboshes* in white, boatmen with little clothing, and one most extraordinary old fellow with a sort of woolen cloth mitre on his head.

Hither comes a vehicle just like one of our cabs, but drawn by bullocks. Close behind it is a palanquin, the bearers walking with a low, wild grunting sort of chant, keeping their off-elbows jerking backward in unison with their trot; a row of native gentlemen with toe-rings; and here and there a native enjoying the luxury of an old and faded and torn umbrella.

We stopped at several shops; at each an eager expectant crowd gathered round us. The sellers and B. jabbered and haggled, gesticulating with their fingers; the only words I understood were *panch rupaiyan*, "five rupees." How oddly it sounded to hear that old Greek and Sanscrit *panch* (πέντε) in the red mouths, all betel-stained, of these wild creatures! We bought a pagoda clothes-basket of rattan and drove off.

Roberts now took a seat with me, and we drove to the so-called "Thieving (the natives call it *Tieving*) Bazaar," so-termed on account of the notorious extortion and imposition of the petty merchants in that noisy arcade. I found it a jabbering Bazaar at any rate. One would have

thought a white buyer had never before passed through. I wanted some of their idols. We stopped where they were made in brass. A plateful was brought out. I selected three, two Chrishnas and a Vishnu, and asked the price. "Rupee and half." I took out half a dollar and said that was all I would give. The man exclaimed that was not quite a rupee. I told Roberts to say I was a Christian and could not give any more for heathen gods. So he took them back and we drove on. Soon, as we expected, we heard the noise of a crowd behind, and a hand thrust in at the window three images, but not the ones I had seen. I said, "I want the same." We drove on. In a few moments another yell, and the hand poked in two of the three idols I had selected. "No," said I, "I want one more." "I give it to coachman." "No," said I, "I must have all in my hand, and then you shall have the money," which I held in my fingers. The next time there was a longer interval; but as the carriage was rolling away from the Bazaar, the right pieces were handed in and the half dollar handed out, and I was satisfied of the character of the "Thieving Bazaar." I rode home with a pocket full of gods, and took *tiffin* (lunch).

ON THE ICE-COAST.

The large picture in this number of Every Other Sunday shows us one of the out-door pleasures which winter brings. How keen is the delight of sliding over the ice-path! Enough of fear mingles with the jollity to give spice to the excitement. All the various feelings which the swift movement awakens are clearly pictured on the faces of these hearty German girls. One of our New England poets thus sings of the ice-coast: —

"This is the sport for men and boys;
The girls in the house may stay:
But better for them it would be, I'm sure,
In the clear, cold air to play.
Hurrah! hurrah! there is nothing we know
Which can give to beauty a lovelier glow."

THE NEW YEAR.

If of the year that is gone we cannot sing with the poet, —

"Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise —
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God," —

let us make the poet's words true of the year that lies before us. With the light of hope filling our trustful hearts, let us also hear and heed the singer's call: —

"Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee, —
New love, new thought, new service, too,
For Him who daily maketh thy life new."

Luther once wrote a friend, —

"I have recently witnessed two miracles. This is the first: As I sat at my window, I saw the stars and the sky, and that vast and glorious firmament in which the Lord has placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master had supported his immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall.

"And the second is this: I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive the ground on which they reposed, nor the cords by which they were suspended. And yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly and fled away."

History and Biography.

FRA ANGELICO.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

People who love art, if they visit Italy, are almost sure to bring home a copy of one of Fra Angelico's beautiful angels painted on a little gilt shrine; for Fra Angelico was the unrivalled painter of angels. Perhaps his success was partly due to the beauty of his own character. Mr. John Ruskin, who has spent much time in the study of pictures and artists, has said: "There is no pure passion that can be painted except by pureness of heart." Angelico's life was so pure, sweet, and unselfish, his nature so sunny and serene, that many people have as much pleasure in reading about him, and in thinking about him, as in looking at his works, for a beautiful life is even more beautiful than a beautiful picture.

Fra Angelico lived long years ago, even before the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo, for he was born at Vicchio, among the Apennines, in 1387. Some one writing about him says that "he was a saint and an artist from his youth." Before he was twenty he entered a convent. His wonderful skill in painting was early shown. His great desire always was to use his gift for the good of others, and not simply to win fame. Many of his most beautiful pictures he painted for the cells of the monks, to inspire them to more saintly lives. He received no pay for his paintings himself, for he required all his patrons to give their orders for pictures through the authorities of the convent, and to pay them, not him.

He began every picture with fasting and prayer, and he believed that then each stroke of the brush was a direct inspiration from Heaven; and for this reason he was never willing to alter anything. Leslie, a modern artist, has discovered that one of Fra Angelico's angels has a little squint. Perhaps Angelico saw it too, but thought it would be wrong to change it.

His greatest picture is "The Coronation of the Virgin." "The Madonna of the Star" is also greatly admired. In the old days, when he lived upon the earth, he was often called Angelico the Blessed, but his real name was Fra Giovanni da Fiesole. He is now often spoken of as the artist-saint. Of his early life not much is known. He spent some years in Florence and some in Rome.

He was once asked by the Pope to become Archbishop of Florence, but his modest spirit shrank from accepting such an exalted position. He begged that his friend Antonio might receive the honor instead. The Pope consented. Antonio was a man greatly beloved for his learning and sanctity. It is thought that Angelico's pictures show the influence of his happy friendship with Antonio.

Angelico died in Rome, in 1455. His monument, with its quaint epitaph, can still be seen; also his effigy in his monastic dress.

I have before me, as I write, a picture of Fra Angelico. It is not a youthful face; the head is bald, the forehead wrinkled; but it is a face I like to look at, it has such a sweet and peaceful expression. It has about it the light that always illumines a face when the lower impulses are subdued, and the higher impulses cherished.

My young readers will find in one of Mr. Chadwick's sweetest poems, "Sadness and Gladness," a pretty allusion to Fra Angelico and his angels.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

[Beginning with this New Year's number, we propose to add a Question Box as a regular feature of our paper. By the method of question and reply, — a method as old as Socrates, — we shall try to aid our Sunday school teachers and superintendents in their many-sided work. Let them in their turn send their questions, from time to time, to the Editor.]

I have taught many years in Sunday-schools, and have always heretofore been successful. My classes have generally consisted of boys or little girls. Now I have a class of young girls who are almost young ladies, and I am completely nonplussed. I find it very difficult even to keep order; and with all the hard and faithful work — yes, and the prayers — that I give my scholars, I cannot succeed in interesting them. Do people grow too old to teach? What seems to you the trouble?

The fact that our correspondent has always succeeded with boys and little girls would seem to show that those are the pupils she still ought to teach. No one with her earnest spirit can ever be too old to teach. This gives us an opportunity to say a word to Sunday-school superintendents. As a rule boys and girls who are growing into manhood and womanhood should be taught by those of the opposite sex. The little restraint that this arrangement induces, the natural chivalry of man for woman, and the natural desire of woman to please man, would do much to settle the matter of discipline. To our correspondent we would say, By all means give up to some man your class of young ladies and take again a class of boys or younger girls.

We are doing all we can to make our Sunday-school (in a Western city) one of the very best, and would be glad of any suggestions. We think it well to try the graded system. What is the result in the schools that have adopted it? Does it or the one-topic course give the greater satisfaction?

We do not know a single school that has adopted a thoroughly "graded" system. A few of our schools are experimenting *toward* a graded plan; but it is too early to speak of results. On the other hand, few if any of our schools adhere rigidly to the one-topic system. In schools where the majority of the classes study the same lessons there are usually some classes that are following a different course. No system is likely to be devised that will commend itself to all our schools; but our correspondent's implied suggestion that every school should have a well-considered system of some kind is a good one.

Can a Sunday-school Library be so managed that the giving and receiving of the books will not disturb the regular exercises of the school?

Certainly. Let the books and cards be taken by the librarian *before* the school opens, and let the pupils receive their new books after the session is over. Make it a rule that this out-of-school-hour time shall always be utilized in this way, and have everything so arranged that no disorder or confusion shall be possible.

The observance of Christmas Sunday was very general among our schools, and the social festivities, with Christmas tree and gifts "for all the children," were as numerous and joyful as ever. The sudden accession of numbers at the Christmas season should invite our Sunday-school workers to make an effort to turn these accessions into permanent gains. We hear of several schools that made this Christmas a time for giving as well as receiving. Garments for poor children were made up by classes of girls, and the boys gave liberally from their spending-money to help the *Cottage Hospital* or the *Children's Mission*.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. — No. 15. Against Covetousness. No. 16. Obedience to Parents.

THE subject of Lesson XV. is so important that the teacher will need to prepare himself with more than usual thoroughness. The desire for earthly riches obtains early possession of the mind, and the Christian doctrine of *true riches* cannot be imparted too soon or too forcibly. Let the teacher dwell on the fact that the impulse to accumulate is a divinely implanted instinct, one of our nobler attributes. "The higher man is in the scale of civilization, the more provident he is." Let him show that if the love of money is the "root of all evil," it is also the root of much that is good. The evil comes from the abuse of a natural instinct, from taking the means for the end, from becoming overmastered by the passion for a fortune, and in one's haste to be rich forgetting truth and honor and justice, and hardening the heart against generous impulses and kindly feelings. Let the teacher, then, point out the great perils that attend the pursuit of wealth and the responsibilities that attach to its possession, the folly of mammon-worship, and the infinite value of those "heavenly treasures" of character which no change or chance can take from us. The teacher will find many noble and inspiring thoughts on this topic in three sermons by Dr. Dewey, entitled *The Moral End of Business, The Passion for a Fortune,* and *The Moral Limits of Accumulation.* (Dewey's Complete Works. One Dollar Edition. A. U. A. pp. 251–279.)

Obedience. This most practical topic for Sunday-school teaching will furnish the opportunity for counteracting one of the bad tendencies of our times, — the excessive freedom from parental constraint which characterizes the child of to-day. The fault, it may be said, is largely on the side of the parent. But a word "fitly spoken" to a child on the duty and the moral worth of obedience may be most helpful. Show the fruits of obedience as illustrated in great historic characters who by obeying rightful authority have thereby acquired the discipline which has prepared them to wield authority over others.

In the Questions for Younger Pupils in this Lesson, § 5 should read § 6 in Questions 14 and 15, and § 6 should be § 7 in Question 16.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

LULU'S LIBRARY. By Louisa M. Alcott. Twelve new stories. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 269. Price, $1.00.

Stories that are really loved by one child are sure to please other children; and as most of these stories were first told to the author's little niece "during the quiet hour before bedtime," they are just the kind of tales to be read aloud to other girls and their brothers as well. Mothers and teachers and all "good, kind aunties" will welcome this charming volume; for the genius that can make interesting stories for our little ones is not a common gift. Miss Alcott long ago got possession of *her* enchanter's wand.

OUR CHILDREN'S SONGS. With Illustrations. 8vo. Ornamental cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 203. Price, $1.00.

This is, as a whole, a well-selected series of poems for children. It contains songs for the nursery, for childhood in general, and for girlhood and boyhood in particular. Then follow two sets of "Sacred Songs." Many of these religious poems are so baldly Trinitarian in their theology as to be unfitted for use either in our Sunday-schools or our homes. We question also whether healthy childhood ever sings from the heart "I want to be an angel." The illustrations fall far below the usual standard of woodcuts used in the publications of Harper and Brothers.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

FRIENDS AND FOES FROM FAIRY LAND. By the Right Hon. Lord Brabourne. With illustrations by Linley Sambourne. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 367. Price, $1.50.

This book contains three tales which tell of fairies, good and bad, of evil witches, and of fanciful elves, — some friends, some foes, to mankind. They will be welcomed by all lovers of genuine fairy tales. Little Reginarole's search for a soul is quite touching. Those who look for a moral in books for the young will not look here in vain. The morals are found under the fanciful dressing. Perhaps they were there unconsciously to the writer.

BIRD-WAYS. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 227. Price, $1.25.

This author needs no introduction to the reading public. She is a close and loving observer of the little creatures about whom she writes, and has things really new to communicate, which she does in a simple and interesting manner.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS. HUMAN INVENTION ANTICIPATED BY NATURE. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc. *With upwards of seven hundred illustrations.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 533. Price, $3.00.

All lovers of Natural History or of Mechanical Science will enjoy this book. The author easily proves his main position; namely, that human invention has given us little which might not have been suggested by some fact of Nature. The book is written in simple style, with few scientific terms, and is suited to readers of all ages over ten or twelve years. The illustrations, though not intended to be finished drawings, add much to the interest of the book and help explain much of the text.

HARPERS' YOUNG PEOPLE FOR 1885. Over 800 pages, with more than 700 illustrations. 4to. Ornamental cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $3.50.

"Harpers' Young People" takes rank as an illustrated paper for the young with "Harpers' Magazine" as a periodical for adult readers. Of the bound volumes of "Young People" we may say, as has been said of the bound volumes of the "Monthly," that in no other work of the kind can so much good reading be found. To those who can afford the book, we say most emphatically: Put it into your home library or your Sunday-school library, and turn the children "loose" into the delightful mazes of its stories, its puzzles, its pictures, and its pages of useful knowledge.

RICO AND WISELI. Translated from the German of Johanna Spyri. By Louise Brooks. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. pp. 509. Price, $1.50.

All readers of "Heidi" will gladly welcome this book, which contains two stories by the same author and translator, — "Rico and Stineli, and How Rico Found a Home," and "How Wiseli was Provided for." Stories of such pure, healthy, quieting, elevating influence are real boons to mothers, in this day of exciting novels for children. Their high religious tone is indeed refreshing. We wish there were more like them. E.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and members of Adult Classes.

A BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE. THE STAIRCASE TO THE OLD FAITH, THE OPEN DOOR TO THE NEW. By the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows (editor of the "Christian Register"). Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 221. Price, 75 cts.

We commend this book to the attention of all our grown-up readers, and many a young person in our Sunday-schools would be helped by it. The well-told story of any earnest life is full of instruction and inspiration. But the book before us is more than this. It is the clear record of a religious life that flowed from the narrow channels of an "orthodox" theology into the broader currents of a reverent Unitarianism without losing strength of conviction or depth of fervor. We wish that all who "profess and call themselves" Unitarians united the liberal, kindly, and catholic spirit of Mr. Barrows with his thorough religiousness and rational faith. The early steps of that faith, its struggles through the obstacles that lay in its way, and its issue through the open door of a new theology into a larger and fairer temple than a "Baptist Meeting-house," are here described in a style attractive and lucid.

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